PROGRAMME FOR
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CLARK, L.
FINDLAY, H. W.
HOLLINGUM, A. W
LAKE, R.
TUCKER, F. K.

Second Basses:
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PROGRAMME

NOTE: The audience is requested to refrain from applause after **the first three numbers** on the programme.

PART I.

GOD SAVE THE KING

LA MARSEILLAISE

Solo: MR R. LAKE

1. NATIONAL MELODY: "Jerusalem" .. .. Parry (1848-1918)

Solo: MR R. LAKE

(Solo)
And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here Among those dark Satanic mills?
(Chorus)
Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold! Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight: Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant land.

—Blake.

2. PART SONG: "Hymn before Action" .. .. .. Walford Davies (1869)

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the thunders,
Lord God of battles, aid!

High lust and forward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear, and soul uncaring,
We seek thy mercy now!
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of battles, hear!

—Rudyard Kipling.

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3. PART SONG: "Soldier, Rest!" .. .. Somervell (1863-1937)

Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our Isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy streams of music fall,
Ev'ry sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille!
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun;
For at dawning to assail ye,
There no bugle sounds reveille!
Huntsman, rest!

—Scott (from "The Lady of the Lake.") Canto First.

4. TENOR SOLO: "Love in her eyes sits playing" from "Acis and Galatea"
Handel (1685-1759)

MR E. ROGERS (Member)

Recit.—

Lo! here my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes,
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

Air.—

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.

Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire,
No grace, no charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

5. TWO CAVALIER TUNES: (a) "Give a Rouse!" .. .. .. Bantock (1868)
(b) "Boot and Saddle."

(a)

King Charles; and who'll do him right now?
King Charles! and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse, here's in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
King Charles, etc.

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

King Charles, etc.

—Robert Browning.

(b)

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey.
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay,"
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array;
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,"
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Who? My wife, Gertrude, that honest, and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors"; what counsel they?
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

—Browning.

6. CONTRALTO SOLOS: (a) "Verdant meadows" (from "Alcina") Handel (1685-1759)

(b) "Wonder" .. .. Schubert (1797-1828)

MISS DAISY PERRY

(a)

Verdant meadows, forests blooming,
Yielding pleasant welcome shade;
Lovely flowers breezes perfuming,
All that's fairest, all that's rarest,
Soon 'neath winter's breath must fade.
Magic spells that now enfold you
Will be o'er when I again behold you
In your shroud of snow arrayed.

(b)

See how all along the valley
Creeps the mist and damp of night,
Could I find the path I look for,
Once again my heart was light.

Yonder stand the hills of promise,
Ever young and ever fair,
Could I take the wings of morning,
I would be for ever there.

Dulcet harmonies come streaming
From those bright and distant hills,
And the scented breezes bring me
Balm to soothe and heal my ills.

There are golden fruits that beckon
Underneath the branches play:
There are roses everlasting
Winds of winter never slay.

And what bliss to bask for ever,
Feel the sun for ever shine,
Where the silence rings like music,
And the air is rich as wine.

But there flows a raging torrent,
Separating there and here,
And its waves are lashed to fury,
Till a man may quake with fear.

At the bank a boat is rocking,
But the boatman's courage fails!
Up and act; no time for doubting!
There is hope sits on her sails.

Do and dare, the gods demand it,
For they give but never lend.
Only he who follows wonder
Finds the land where wonders end.

7. CANZONET: "Fain would I change that note" .. Vaughan Williams (1872)

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charmed me
Long, long to sing by rote
Fancying that that harmed me;
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,,"
I have no other choice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such,
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

—Anonymous.

8. PIANOFORTE SOLOS: (a) Rhapsodie in G minor (Op. 79, No. 2) Brahms (1833-97)

(b) Aufshwung ("Soaring") (Op. 12, No. 2) Schumann (1810-56)

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9. PART SONG: "Cargoes" .. .. Balfour Gardiner (1877)

Quinquereme of Niniveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine
With a cargo of ivory, apes and peacocks,
Sandal wood, cedar wood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster, with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal, road-rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

—John Masefield.

10. SONG: "On Lonely Heights" .. .. Schubert (1797-1828)

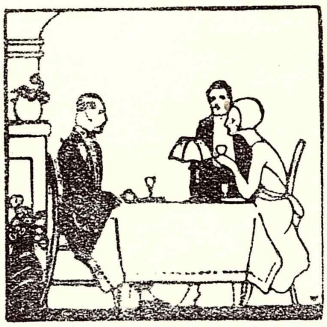
(Opus 108, No. 1, arranged by Bairstow)

The pine-woods roar in the angry blast,
By sullen clouds in the sky o'ercast,
The torrent calls from the vale below,
But I must onward thro' ice and snow.

Ah, not for me is the smiling plain
Where springtime wakens the world again;
I wander lonely in wild unrest,
The gloom of winter within my breast.

The frost has broken, the fountains flow,
Thro' sunlit meadows the warm airs blow,
The birds are singing on ev'ry tree—
But she, my darling, is cold to me!

Oh blissful season of youth and love,
When May is here with the mating dove,
When laughter sounds from the hawthorn glade,
And life goes gaily for man and maid!



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Farewell sweet visions of love's delight!
My way lies here on the stormy height;
My heart is broken, the dream is o'er,
I wander lonely for evermore.

(Words from the German of Ernst Schulze by Paul England.)

INTERVAL

PART II.

1. THREE-PART SONG: "Matin Song" .. .. .. Edgar L. Bainton (1880)

Pack, clouds, away! And welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark aloft
To give my love good morrow!

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing!
To give my love good morrow.
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow!

Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Star, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair love good morrow!
To give my love good morrow!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

—Thomas Heywood.

2. PART SONG: "Orpheus With His Lute" .. .. Thomas F. Dunhill (1877)

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'rything that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by,
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

—Shakespeare ("Henry VIII.")

3. CONTRALTO SOLOS: (a) "A Woman's Last Word" .. .. .. Bantock (1868)

(b) "Autumn Storms" .. .. .. Greig (1843-1907)

MISS DAISY PERRY

Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek!

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is
Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

—Robert Browning.

(b)

In summer the woods were so green and gay,
With twitterings echoed every spray.
Then blew the storm with his terrible song,
A trembling he wakened the leaves among;
The second time angrier still he blew,
And faded the verdure as he flew.

Once more, and the trees have lost their crown,
He withers the leaves and tears them down.
Autumn's duties are o'er in a night;
Winter, we yield to thy potent might.
All now is desert, cold and lonely,
Scatheless but sad the beech trees only.
Where has thy power fled, O Sun?
Pallor the rose's cheek is gaining,
Summer is waning, summer is waning.

The peasant alone enjoys the storm,
He gathers in firewood his hut to warm.
Thus winter who seems so stern and strict
Gives balm for the wounds his strokes inflict.
He veils with his mantle smooth and white
The frozen world from our pitying sight.
Though fiercely the winter chafes and chides,
We know that behind him the springtime hides.

And this knows every seed of earth:
"I wait for the spring which will give me birth,"
And this knows every peeping sprout
To which soon the sun calls "Awake; Spring out!"
Though fiercely the winter his grim form may rear,
We know that the spring is drawing near.
O joy, when bursting forth it grows
The first of buds in the last of snows!

4. PART SONG: "Evening" .. .. Abt. (1819-1885)

Solo: MR R. LAKE

Day again his race has run,
And the tranquil night comes on,
Soothing pinions o'er us waving,
Heated hill and valley laving,
While the starry skies impart
Holy peace to every dwelling,
Holy peace to every heart.

All who rest in slumber's arm,
Void of trouble, void of harm,
Heav'nly angels now are guarding,
Every danger from them warding,
Powers of evil must depart,
Holy peace to every dwelling,
Holy peace to every heart.

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